MARK MILLAR & LEINIL YU

SUPER CROOKS

ISSUE ONE

MILLARWORLD

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SUPER CROOKS

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Johnny Bolt,
New York City:

The Gladiator,
Two Miles Away:

So how many robbers are we *talking* about here?

Cameras picked up four. You want the codes?

CAMERA 4

Relax. I think I've *got* them...

Hey! Get back here!

Anyone we know?

Nah, they're just a bunch of assholes. Have a unit up at 59th and a truck waiting outside. This shouldn't take more than a couple of minutes.

AIR

Subway

Everybody out of the way!

Do what we say and you won't get hurt!

Wait a second. These new subway trains do around *fifty-five miles an hour*, right?

I think so, but I'm not sure.

Better make it 72nd Street...

WILL WORK

...just to be on the safe side.

Holy...

Everybody get to the back of the train!

Move!

Ugh!

Shit!

What are we gonna *do*, Johnny?

What *the fuck* we gonna *do*?

Get back, I've got *electric powers!*

Do I *look* like I give a shit?

72nd Street Station:

Good afternoon, officers.

The diamonds you're after are in the case and the super-criminals who stole them have been neutralized.

Be careful with the one at the back...

...apparently, he's got *electric powers.*

Supermax Prison:

To be honest, I don't know why you guys even *try* anymore.

It's not just *the Gladiator* being out there. It's the hundred and ninety-nine *other* superheroes in the Tri-State area.

Why would you even *attempt* a heist when you know you're just gonna end up back in here?

I've got a *wedding* to pay for, Charlie. Those cakes and dresses don't buy *themselves.*

Tell me about it, Johnny. I'm still shelling out for my eldest's and she got *divorced* eighteen months back.

At least you got your old cell back with the nice, comfy *bunk.*

'Sup, pal. How's it going?

Good to see you again, Johnny. I've still got the pieces exactly where we *left* them.

SUPER CROOKS

Vegas,
Five Years Later:

Black Twenty-eight. Congratulations *again*, sir.

I guess tonight's your lucky night.

Wow. Would you look at this? That's nine wins in a row, honey. There must be four hundred *big ones* on the table.

Now why don't we see if we can turn this into *real* dough and put the lot on *number eighteen?*

I'm sorry. You want me to put all these chips on a single number?

Sure I do. What could possibly go wrong? I'm sitting here with an *angel,* right? My *lucky charm.*

What are you trying to do? Get me killed? I've never seen this guy in *my life* before, Frankie.

The whole lot on *number eighteen,* plus a couple of chips for *yourself,* kid.

Whatever you say, sir.

The Monitor Room:

How much are we down on *table fifty-seven?* Is that *four hundred grand* this guy's taken us for?

Four hundred gees *so far,* Mister Bachalo. He's definitely down as a super on the database, but I'm not seeing any kind of *psychic abilities.*

According to this, his name is *The Heat* and he's just an old-school robber with a ray-gun and a mask. He shouldn't be doing *this.*

Keep checking the floor. There has to be a pre-cog in there *feeding* him the numbers.

*Red Eighteen. Looks like you win **again,** sir...*

Mama Mia! That's twelve million bucks!

Get outside and start combing the parking lot. I want this place checked from top to bottom.

Yes, sir.

I'm *sorry*, Carmine. I'm not gonna give you *any* more numbers. You're drunk and you're getting *reckless*, man. Just cash in your chips so we can both *go home.*

Dude, you walked in there with fifty bucks and now we're sitting on a cool *twelve mil.* Stop being greedy and walk away. Don't you think you've drawn *enough* attention to yourself?

Would you mind stepping out of the car, please, sir?

Inside:

Hey! What the hell are you *doing*? Get your *hands* off me! Do you realize who you're *dealing* with here?

Just shut up and *get in here,* huh?

Oh, Jesus.

I'm sorry, Carmine. I didn't know what else to do.

That's okay. Take it easy, Walt. There's nothing to be scared of. That's your *name,* right? *Walt Flanagan?*

Th-that's right.

Well, it says here on the super-criminal database that you're a ***level four psychic,*** Walt.

Is that why The Heat brought you here to rip us off? Because you've got this amazing power that lets you see ***thirty seconds*** into ***the future?***

I-I guess.

Wow. That's a pretty cool trick, huh? Imagine being able to see thirty seconds into ***the future.*** A guy could make a ***fortune*** with a thing like that.

Can you see into your ***own*** future, Walt? I mean, have you any idea what my teleporter over there's planning to do with that fancy ***cigar-case*** he's playing around with?

Y-yes.

Then you shouldn't have been such a little ***cunt,*** should you?

You've only got yourself to ***blame.***

Oh my God...

Jesus Christ!

What the *holy fuck--?*

Just shut up and *listen,* you old *prick.*

Urk!

We need to use you as an example to all the *other* little fucks out there who think they can walk in here and take us for a ride.

It's *nothing personal.* Just a matter of protecting our *super-criminal reputations.*

I hope you know us well enough not to try anything *stupid.* You know how far we *reach* and what we do to the *morons* who *disappoint* us.

You came here to dip our pockets to the tune of twelve million bucks. I respect that. It shows balls.

But to make amends, you need to pay us back *a hundred million bucks* and we want that money exactly *one month* from *today.*

Salamander! Please! Where am I gonna find a *hundred million bucks?*

You rob *banks,* don't you?

Now take your stupid old ray-gun and get your ass *out* of here. You've got four weeks to bring us everything you *owe.*

Kasey's New Job:

Jollibun

Best Meal in the

OPEN

Delight!

Drink

Hello, Kasey.

Fuck off, Johnny.

I thought you were picking me up?

Now why would I go and do a stupid thing like that?

I'm guessing this means you're still mad at me, huh?

No, I *love* being humiliated.

THE HERALD REPORTER

Oh, come on. You think I wanted to go to jail?

You tell me. Why *else* would you rob a jewelry store on the morning we were getting married?

I was trying to find you something *nice.*

Please.

Don't joke about this.

We were supposed to be turning our backs on that shit. We'd saved up our money, and the plan was we were *going straight.*

How could you throw all that away on a stupid little jewel-heist with Frostbite and his asshole brothers?

Honestly?

I didn't think we had enough to *live on,* sweetheart.

Well, now we've got *nothing,* have we?

What are you *doing* here, Kasey? You're the best psychic in the goddamn business. You shouldn't be waiting tables.

At least it's a *job.*

Now you'd better get out of here before *the owner* comes back. Fraternizing with a former *super-criminal* is in *violation* of your *parole.*

What the hell?

Carmine?

OPEN

Johnny! You've no idea how pleased I am to *see* you, kid!

The Boomerang *said* I'd find you here tonight...

Oh my God.

I really need your *help.*

...where the court was stunned as the Praetorian walked free after fifty-seven counts of abusing his authority.

Leniency had been shown, the Judge decided, as a thank you for the many occasions where this controversial super hero had saved the world.

Can you ***believe*** this shit? The judge just acquitted the Praetorian on those ***corruption charges*** they were hitting him with.

The guy's as crooked as a dog's hind leg. Remember that time he said he'd let me go if I gave him a ***blowjob?***

Mm.

How's ***Carmine*** doing?

He's pretty damn scared, to be honest.

Thanks for putting him up for the night.

Jesus, come on. You weren't ***the only*** one he mentored here.

How does he get himself ***into*** this stuff? How does he end up owing the worst bastards on Earth a hundred million dollars?

There's nowhere else he can run to, ***either.*** They've got Vegas and the West Coast now, plus all those connections into the ***old*** territories.

So, what are you thinking?

Obviously, we can't turn our backs on him.

But how do we *help?*

By doing what we do ***best.***

No, I'm not getting ***involved,*** Johnny. Jesus, you're barely out of prison and you're ***already*** working on the best way to get yourself arrested again.

Not ***this*** time, Kasey. This time, I've come up with something absolutely ***foolproof.***

Care to ***elucidate,*** O wise one?

Why do we always work in the same areas? Why do we always hit these cities that are ***teeming*** with superheroes?

Why don't we try something ***different*** for a change? Shouldn't we maybe ***go abroad*** for a change?

Come again?

Let's find a country that ***doesn't*** have superheroes and pull the biggest job of our ***careers.***

Like where?

Like *Spain.*

Think about it: Their money's as good as *anyone else's* and I've never heard of a *Captain Spain,* have you?

We get the right guys together and this could be like taking *candy* from a *baby,* honey.

Oh, God. Why am I *listening* to you? Why did I even let you back in my *apartment?*

Number one: I'm very *charming.*

Number two: One of our best friends is lying in there sleeping off a beating he just got, and they're going to put a *hole* in his skull if you and I don't *help.*

It always ends *so badly,* Johnny. The superheroes always win and guys like us just end up in *jail.*

Every time.

That's why we're going somewhere that doesn't *have* any *superheroes.* Now, if you'll excuse me while I make a few *phone calls...*

"...I think it's time to get *the old gang* back together."

To Be Continued...

ZONE